



The Picture of a Picture: or, The Character of a Painted Woman.

She is a creature, that had need to be twice defined; for she is not that she seemes. And though shee be the creature of God, as she is a woman, yet is she her owne creatrix, as a picture. Indeed a plaine woman is but halfe a painted woman, who is both a Substantiue and an Adiectiue, and yet not of the Neuter Gender: but a Feminine as well conforing with a Masculine, as *Iue* with an *Ash*. She loues *grace* so well, that she will rather *die*, then lacke it. There is no truth with her to *fauour*, no blessing to *beautie*, no conscience to *contentment*. A good face is her god: and her cheekes well *died*, is the *idoll*, she doth so much adore. Too much loue of beautie, hath wrought her to loue painting: and her loue of painting hath transformed her into a *picture*. Now her thoughts, affections, talke, studie, worke, labour, and her very *dreames* are on it. Yet all this makes her but a *cinnamon tree*, whose baie is better then her body, or a peece of *gilded copper* offered for current gold.

Shee loues a true looking-glasse, but to mende age, wants and wrinkles, because otherwise she cannot see to lay her falsehood right. Her body is (I weene) of Gods making: and yet it is a question; for many parts thereof she made her selfe. View her well, and you'll say her beautie's such, as if she had *bought* it with her pennie. And to please her in euerie of her toyes, would make her maide runne besides her wits, if she had any. She's euer amending, as a begger's a peccing, yet is she for all that no good-penitent. For she loues not weeping. Teares and mourning would marre her making: and she spends more time in powdring, pranking and painting, then in praying. She's more in her oynments a great deale, then in her orizons. Her religion is not to liue well, but *die* well. Her pietie is not to pray well, but to *paint* well. She loues *confections* better a great deale, then confessions; and delights in *facing* and feasting more, then fasting. Religion is not in so great request with her, as riches: nor wealth so much as worship.

She neuer chides so heartily, as when her box is to seeke, her powder's spilt, or her clothes ill set on. A good *Bed-friend* she's commonly, delighting in sheets more, then in shoes, making long nights, and short daies. All her *infections* are but to gaine affections; for shee had rather *die*, then liue and not please. Her lips she laies with so fresh a *red*, as if she sang, *Iohn come kisse me now*. Yet it's not out of loue, excepting *selfe-loue*, that she so seeks to please, but for *loue*, nor from honesty, but for *honour*: tis not *pietie*, but *praise* that spurres her. She studies to please others, but because she would not be displeas'd her selfe. And so she may fulfill her owne fancy, she cares not who else she doth *besoyle*.

A name she prefers to nature, and makes more account of fame, then faith. And though shee doe affect *singularitie*, yet she loues *pluralitie* of faces. She is nothing like her selfe, saue in this, that she is not like her selfe. Tho she be not out of her wits, yet she is besides her selfe. She sildome goes without a *paire* of faces, and shee's furnisht with stuffe to make more, if neede be. She saies, a good Archer must haue two strings to his bow, but she hath hers bent both at once: yet you must not say, she weares two faces vnder one hood; for that she's left long since to *haukes*, and hath got her *head-gear*, that pleases her better, not because *better*, but *newer*. Her owne sweete face is the book she most looks vpon; this she reade ouer duly euerie morning, specially if she be to shew her selfe abroad that day: and as her eie or chambermaid teaches her, sometimes shee blots out *pale*, and writes *red*. The face she makes i'th day, she vually maris i'th night, and so it's to make a new the next day. Her haire's sildome her owne, or if the substance, then not the *shew*, and her face likes her not, if not borrowed. And as for her head, that's drest, and hung about with toyes and deuises, like the signe of a Tauerne, to draw on such as see her. And sometimes is written on her forehead, as on the *Dolfin* at Cambridge in capitall letters, *e pithie apithi*, Like or looke of. She's *marriageable*, and fiteene at a clap, and afterwards she doth not liue, but *long*. And if she suruine her husband, his going is the comming of her teares, and the going of her teares, is the comming of another husband; 'Tis but *in dock*, out *nettle*. By that time her face is mended, her sorrow's ended.

There's no physicke she so loues, as *face-physick*: and but assure her shee'll ne're need otherwhile she liues, and shee'll *die* for *ioy*. Rather then she'll leaue her *yellow bands*, and giue o're her pride, she will not sticke to deny, that *Miltis Turner* spake against them when she died. Her deuotion is fine apparel deere bought, and a fine face lately borrowed, and newly set on: These carry her to Church, and cleere her of *keensancy*. Once in, she vnpins her maske, and calles for her booke, and now she's set. And if she haue any more deuotion, she lifts vp a certaine number of eies towards the Preacher, rises vp, stands a while, and looks about her: then turning her eyes from beholding vanities (such as she herselfe brings with her) she sits downe, falls a nodding, measures out a nap by the hower-glasse, and awakes to say, *Amen*. She delights to see, and to be seene: for her labour's more then halfe lost, if no body should looke vpon her. She takes a iourney now and then to visit a friend, or see a cofin: but she neuer trauels more merrily, then when shee's going to London. London, London hath her heart. The Exchange is the Temple of her *Idols*. In London she buyes her head, her face, her *fashion*. O London, thou art her *Paradise*, her *Heauen*, her *Alipati*!

If she be *unmarried*, she desires to be *mislaken*, that she may be taken. If married to an *old man*, she is rather a *Reede* and a *Rack* vnto him, then a *Staffe* and a *Chaire*, a trouble rather then a friend, a *corrosiue*, not a *comfort*, a *consumption*, not a *counsellour*. The utmost reach of her *Providence*, is but to be counted *Louely*, and her greatest *Enuy* is at a fairer face in her next neighbour; this, if any thing, makes her haue sore eyes. She is little within her selfe, and hath small content of her owne; and therefore is still *seeking* rather, then *enjoying*. All is her owne, you see, and yet in truth nothing is her own almost you see; not her head, her haire, her face, her *sent*, nay, not her *breath* alwaies. She hath purchased *lips*, *haire*, *hands*, *veines* and *beautie* more, then nature gaue her, and with these she hopes to purchase *loue*. For in being beloued consists her life; she is a *Fish*, that would faine be taken: a *Bird*, that had rather a great deale be in the hand, then in a bush. The purchases, she vses to make, are not of lands, but *tokens*; not of liues, but *loues*. Yet vually the loue she meets with, is as changeable as her face, and will not tarry on her, though she *die* for it. She spends more in *face-physick* and trifles, then in feeding the poore. And so shee may be admired her selfe, she cares not, though all her neighbours round about her were counted *Kitchin stuffe*. A good hufwife takes not more pleasure in dressing her garden with varietie of hearbs and flowers, then she in tricking her selfe with toyes and gauds. Here she is costly, if any where. 'Tis her grace to be gay and gallant. And indeed like an *Ostrich*, or *Bird of Paradise*, her feathers are more worth then her body. The worst peece about her is in the midst. For the *Tailor*, and her *Chamber-maide*, and her owne *skill*, euen these *three*, are the chiefeest causes of all her perfections. Not *truths*, but *shadowes* of truthes she is furnisht with; with *seeming* truths, and with *substantiall* lies. Yet with all her faire shewes, she is but like a peece of *coursed cloth* with a *fine glasse*, or *faire die*; or as the herbe *Molio*, which carries a flower as white as *snow*, but is carried vpon a roote as blacke as *inke*.

Her first care in the *morning* is to make her a good face and her last care in the *evening*, is to haue her box, and all her *implements* ready against the next *morning*. Shee is so curious, and full of businesse, that two such in a house, would keepe the nimblest-fingered Gidle in the Parish shee liues in, from making her selfe one crosse-cloth in a twelue-moneth. She is so deepe in loue with toyes, that without them she is but *halfe* her selfe: and halfe ones selfe, you know, is not ones selfe. She looses her selfe in her selfe, that she may find her selfe in a *Picture*. Her trade is tinckuring, and her lustre is her life. You kill her, if you will not let her *die*. The *Hyacinth*, or *Heliotropium*, followes not the *Sunne* more duly, then she *vanitie*. Pride, which is accidentall to a woman, and hatefull to a vertuous woman, is essentiall to her. Her godlinesse is not to doe well, but to *goe well*. Her care is not to liue well, but to *looke well*. And yet if shee liue well, she'll giue you leaue to chide her, if shee looke ill. She so affects the titles of *illustrious* and *gracious*, that she carries them alwaies *in print* about her. Her *imagination* is euer stirring, and keeps her mind in continuall motion, as fire doth the pot a playing, or as the *weights* do the *tackie* in her kitchen. Her deuises follow her *fansie*, as the motion of the *Seas* doe the *Moone*. And nothing pleases her long, but that, which pleases her fanlies, with one of which shee driues out another, as boies doe pellers in *Elderne* gunnes. She thinks 'tis false to say, that any woman liuing can be damned for these deuises: and it may be true she thinks. For so long as she liues, she cannot: but if she die in them, there's the question.

Shee's euer busie, yet neuer lesse busie, then when she's best busie. Shee's alwaies idle, yet neuer lesse idle, then when she is most idle. Once a yeere at least she would faine see London, tho when she comes there, she hath nothing to do, but to learne a new fashion, and to buy her a perwigge, powder, ointments, a feather, or to see a play. One of her best vertues is, that she respects none that paint: and the reward of her painting is to be respected of none that paint not. If she be a *Maiden*, she would faine be rid of that charge. If a *widow*, shee's but a *counterfet relique*: 'twere too grosse superstition but to kisse or touch her. Old-age still steals vpon her vnawares: which she discernes not by increase of wisdom, but of weakenesse, nor by her long-liuing, but by her *neede of dying*. To conclude, whoeuer she be, shee's but a *Gilded Pill*, compolde of these two ingredients, *defects* of nature, and an *artificiall seeming* of *supplie*, tempered and made vp by *pride* and *vanity*, and may well be reckoned among those creatures, that God neuer made. Her picture is now drawne out, and done.